

\$1000.00 in Prizes for the Best Titles

See Page 10

Life

APRIL 26, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company at 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Annual Subscription, Five Dollars.
Vol. 81. No. 2112 April 26, 1923

Entered as Second Class Matter June 8, 1883, at the Post Office at New York,
N. Y., under the act of March 3d, 1879. Printed in Bethlehem, Pa., U. S. A.
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa.
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.
Copyright, 1923, LIFE, in the United States, England and the British Possessions

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President
LE BOY MILLER, Treasurer
B. F. PROVANDIE,
Advertising Director



Cantrell & Cochrane Ginger Ale

THE STANDARD
OF TWO CONTINENTS

As in the Club

—so everywhere that men go, and women and children, too, to talk, to dine, to dance, to play, "C & C" is the accepted cheer, the everpleasing refreshment. For fifty years and more it has been so, and its popularity grows year by year.

"C & C"—genuine Cantrell & Cochrane Ginger Ale—the standard of hotels and clubs, fine restaurants and fountains; served on speeding trains and steamships; of your dealer or caterer.

BELFAST

NEW YORK

DUBLIN



E. & J. BURKE, LTD.—SOLE AGENTS—NEW YORK

New Lamps for Old

Both donkey and goose have brains of a high order.—Professor J. A. Thomson.

I LIKE the modern scientist; he is often so very modern and iconoclastic. "*Epater les bourgeois*" seems to be one of his subsidiary ideals and he pursues it by quietly announcing that things are seldom what they seem (to the bourgeois) and that underneath the apparently rich and satisfying cream of traditional beliefs there almost invariably masquerades the skimmed milk of unreality. In my opinion, these are most enlivening announcements; and by all means, I say, let us have more examples of proverbial wisdom bowled over. For instance:

"The earthworm is a creature of great tenacity and determination and if persistently provoked will readily turn upon its aggressor."—Professor Quipencrank.

"The mule offers an example of great tractability and at the bidding of its driver is readily diverted from its own preconceived intentions."—Dr. Legge Pullar.

"Few animals have brought idleness to a finer art than the bee."—Professor Downham Flatte.

"As compared with the turnip, both snail and tortoise are creatures of great activity."—*The Master of St. Onishers*.

"Sloth and simplicity are the keynotes of the fox's character."—*The Master of Lunacy*.

"In the lightness of their deportment the elephant and the bluebottle have much in common."—Herr Julius Finkelblossom.

"For the serious student of Evolution it is far too soon to preclude the pig from the possibility of flight."—Professor Potshot.

G. P.

For a Bright Child

If you are not a sleepy-head
And simply hate to go to bed,
And if your parents drive you there,
I'll show you why you needn't care.

When you have finished with your
prayers,
And Mother's left and gone down-
stairs,
Switch on your pocket flashlight so
Upon your book its light will glow.
Then you can read; and if you hear
Them coming, never have a fear.
Switch off your light; they'll have
no thought
That you're not sleeping as you
ought.

G. K. D.

Myrtle Schaaf
charming
Mezzo-Soprano
with the
Metropolitan
Opera Company

**"Hinds Cream
is especially valuable"**
—says Myrtle Schaaf

HINDS Honey and Almond Cream is not only valuable for protecting the skin from climatic conditions,—it also is giving most gratifying results when used as a base for face powder. The process is extremely simple. Just moisten the skin with the cream and allow it to nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere wonderfully and remain in perfect condition longer than with any other base we know of. The cream and powder will prevent the skin from becoming rough or chapped.

HINDS Cre-mis FACE POWDER is impalpably fine and soft. Its delicate tints blend to produce the coveted effect and, with its subtle and distinctive fragrance, enhance the charm of every woman who uses it.—White, flesh, pink, brunette. Large box, 60c. Trial box, 15c. Sample 2c.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is selling everywhere. We will mail you a small sample for 2 cents or trial bottle for 6 cents. A Try-out Box of 5 samples, Hinds Toilet Requisites, assorted, 10 cents. Booklet Free.

A. S. HINDS CO., Dept. 18, PORTLAND, MAINE





The first book was a classic, but the book of the Mimeograph brings the last word in economy

Old Daddy Gutenberg made the earliest printed book nearly five hundred years ago. It was also the finest book ever made.

The art of printing was born in a high state of perfection.

But the art of speedy and inexpensive duplication came into the world with the Mimeograph.

We want you to see the book of the Mimeograph. It is not an elaborate and exhaustive affair. You can read it in minutes.

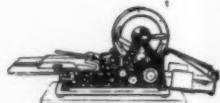
It will make clear to you how the Mimeograph is saving remarkable amounts of both time and money

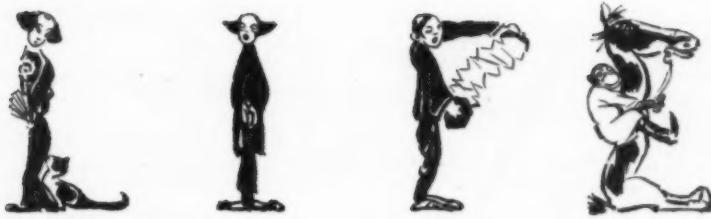
in unnumbered thousands of industrial and educational institutions throughout the world.

It will show you how all kinds of letters, forms, blanks, diagrams, plans, etc., can be speedily duplicated, under your personal supervision, and with unskilled hands, at almost negligible cost.

It may indicate to you many ways by which you can greatly improve your own work and effect substantial economies therein.

Why not send a request for this interesting book "W-4" today?
A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.





Over the Rim

(Chantey of the Southwestern Seas)

WHEN the warm wind sighs of a coral reef,
Dream o' Mine,
Over the Rim,
 It speaks of a land unknown to grief,
Dream o' Mine,
Over the Rim;
 Over the rim of the western sea,
 Where the paths of the world are wide and free,
 With the mainsheet taut, and a swish alee,
Dream o' Mine,
Over the Rim;

Follow the drift of the flying spume,
 Follow the clear call far,
 Where the twisted palms on the white beach loom,
 And the dream and the Dreamer are.

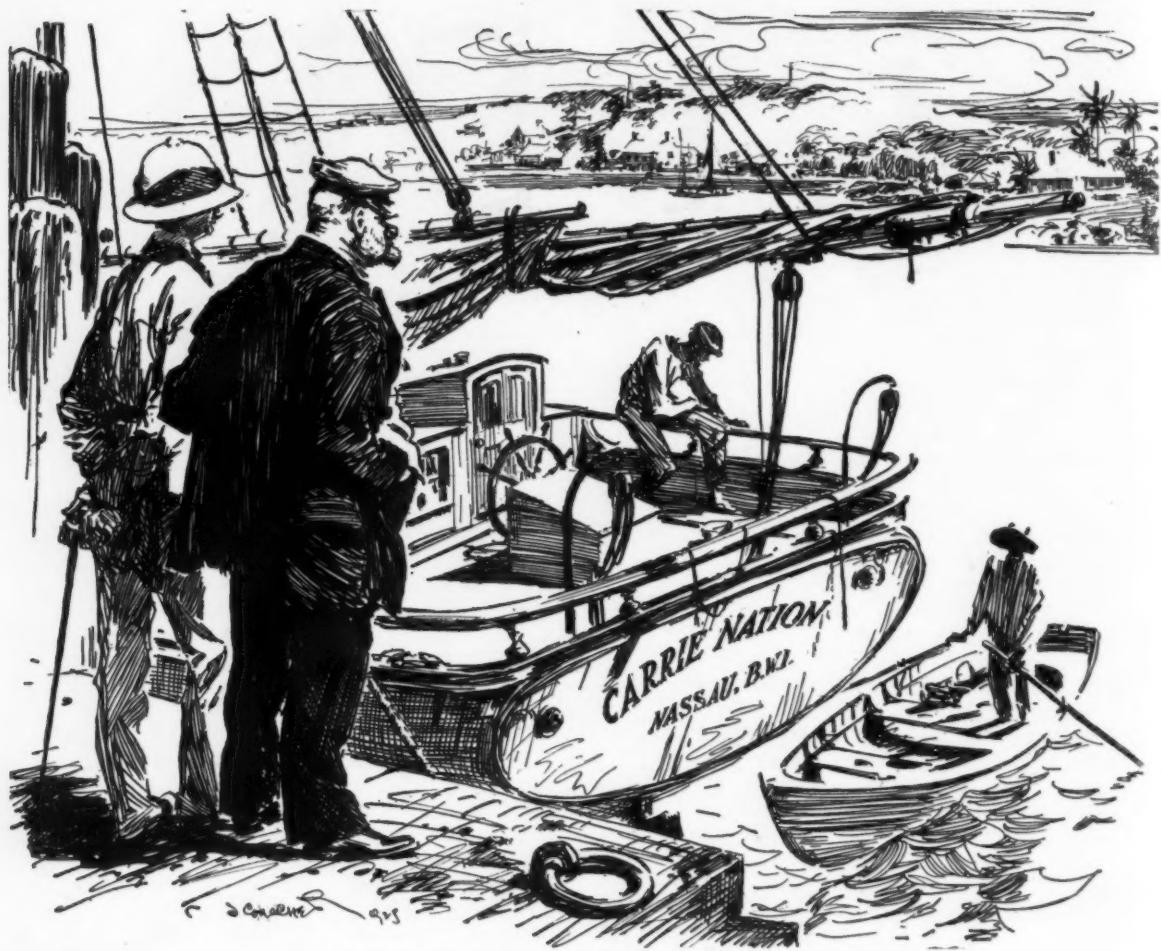
Where the white yawl heels to the steady wind,
Dream o' Mine,
Over the Rim,
 And the billowing miles slide off behind,
Dream o' Mine,
Over the Rim;
 Over the rim where the islands rise,
 And the South Pacific drowsing lies,
 The coral is pink as the sundown skies,
Dream o' Mine,
Over the Rim;

Follow the rustling South Sea Trail,
 Follow the trade wind's track,
 Where the salt spray sings on the weather rail,
 Over the rim—and back!

Weed Dickinson.



Willie Elephant's direction was good but the putt was short and, his opponent's attention being diverted momentarily, he helped it along.



"And you never venture within the three-mile limit, Captain?"
"No sir, never. I'm a God-fearin', law-abidin' citizen."

And the Editor Was Lighting His Pipe

GOOD morning, sir, I have here—" he started as he stepped into the editor's sanctum.

And the editor was lighting his pipe.

"—a new invention," he continued, "that is going to be a bonanza of benefit and a superabundance of safety to humanity."

And the editor again started to light his pipe.

"It is a safety match that will not be unsafe—a match that, after being lighted and used, will go out, and not smoulder into the carpet, rug or waste-basket—"

The editor again started to light his pipe.

"Just see all the fires that are started by people throwing matches down that they think are *OUT*, when we know from experience that a certain kind of match can be thrown down but is never out. Now, this match—"

The editor stopped trying to light his pipe, to inquire:

"You don't happen to have a match in your pocket that will stay lit, do you?"

LIFE INSURANCE DIRECTOR: We must cancel J. K. Jones' policy at once.

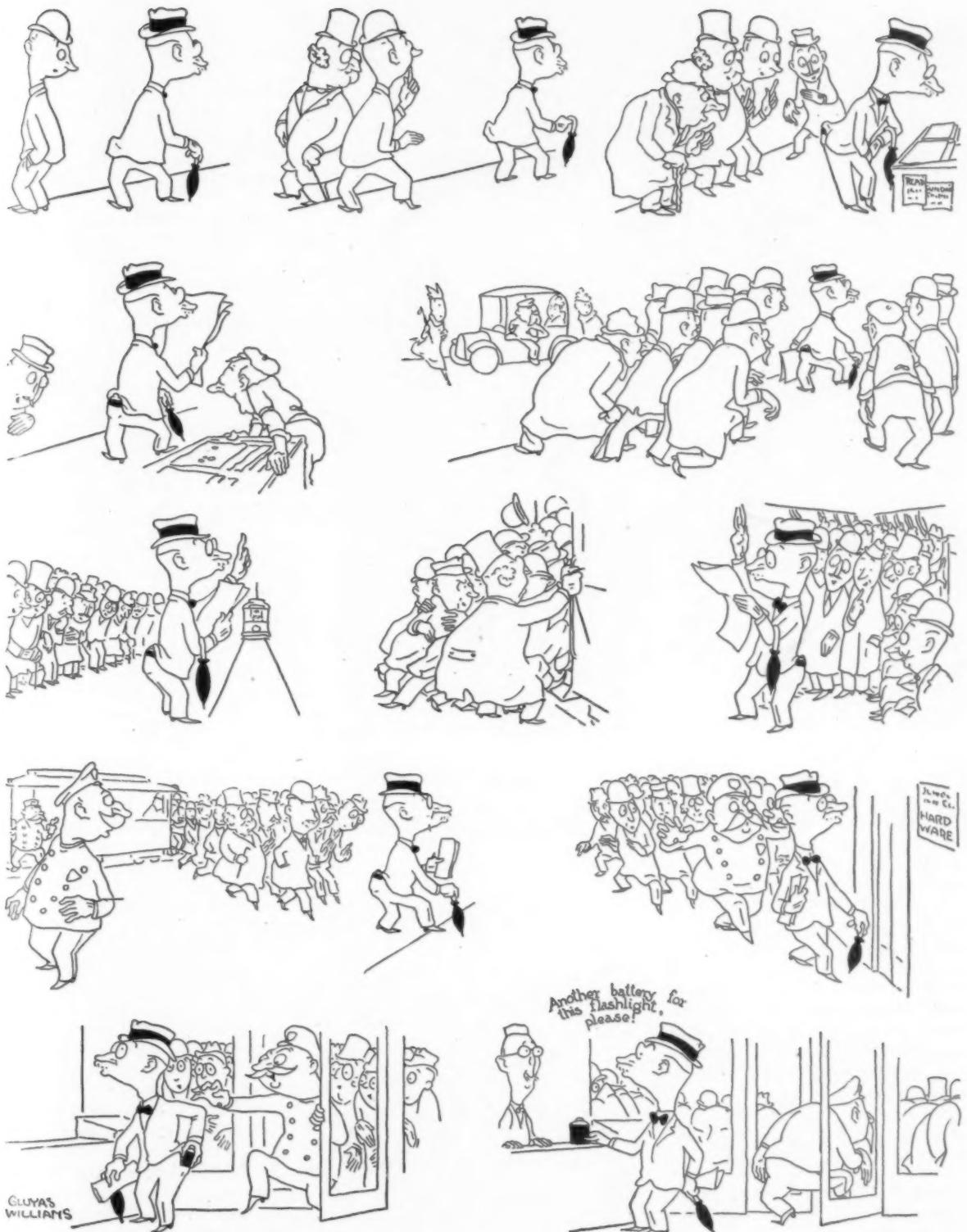
GENERAL MANAGER: Why?

"I saw him shaving in the washroom of a Pullman."

ALL of us are more or less foolish, only some of us insist upon proving it.



"Aw, the h—— wid it! I can't get this daylight savin' time trew me nut!"



The Pocket Flas — flas — flashlight



"Say, Mame, where'd you get the swell gold ring?"
"At Goobel's for two-fifty and it wears like iron."

AS long as Spirit Messages were received by means of a slate-pencil imprisoned between two slates, the Western Union Telegraph Company was perfectly unmoved.

But when the inhabitants of the Beyond developed their technique to such a point that Spirit Messages began coming over the wires, the Directors became really annoyed. With Shakespeare, Napoleon and Chief Three-Fingers of the Wah-hoo-wah Tribe running up uncollectable bills, the Directors felt that something must be done.

"It isn't as if the messages were of great scientific value," declared the President. "Look at these:

'ELSIE: LOOK UNDER THE PIN-CUSHION AND YOU WILL FIND THE LOST FIFTY CENTS.'

JULIUS CAESAR.'

'SETTING SUN OIL IS A GOOD BUY ON THE CURB AT 18½.'

JOHN MILTON.'

Disconnecting Eternity

"Just out of curiosity, I followed John Milton's tip myself. But Setting Sun Oil is no longer on the Curb. It must be in the Gutter, if not already in the Sewer.

"Gentlemen, we must immediately put a stop to this wanton use of our wires by unprincipled Spirits! Ruin stares us in the face."

The Directors put their heads together and talked in hushed tones until late into the night.

The following day most surprising messages were given to the Press as emanating from prominent Spirits. Darwin stated that his "Origin of Species" was a whimsical fantasy written to amuse the children. John Bunyan sent his blessings to the bootleggers. Shakespeare dictated the book and lyrics for the Indecencies of 1923. The play was of such inconceivable dullness that the public was appalled, although three distinguished dramatic writers accused Shakespeare of plagiarism.

The mediums were assailed by Spirits seeking to justify themselves. The mediums were not interested, and the sitters in séances were openly bored.

At night one could hear a great sound as of sobbing as the wind wailed among the telegraph wires.

At midnight a week later this message was received by the President of the Western Union:

"WE SURRENDER. HENCEFORTH
ALL MESSAGES COLLECT.
ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
CHAIRMAN, PUBLICITY COMMITTEE. REVERSE CHARGES."

So Ruin no longer stared the Directors in the face.

There are some things even Ruin cannot stand. *Morris Bishop.*

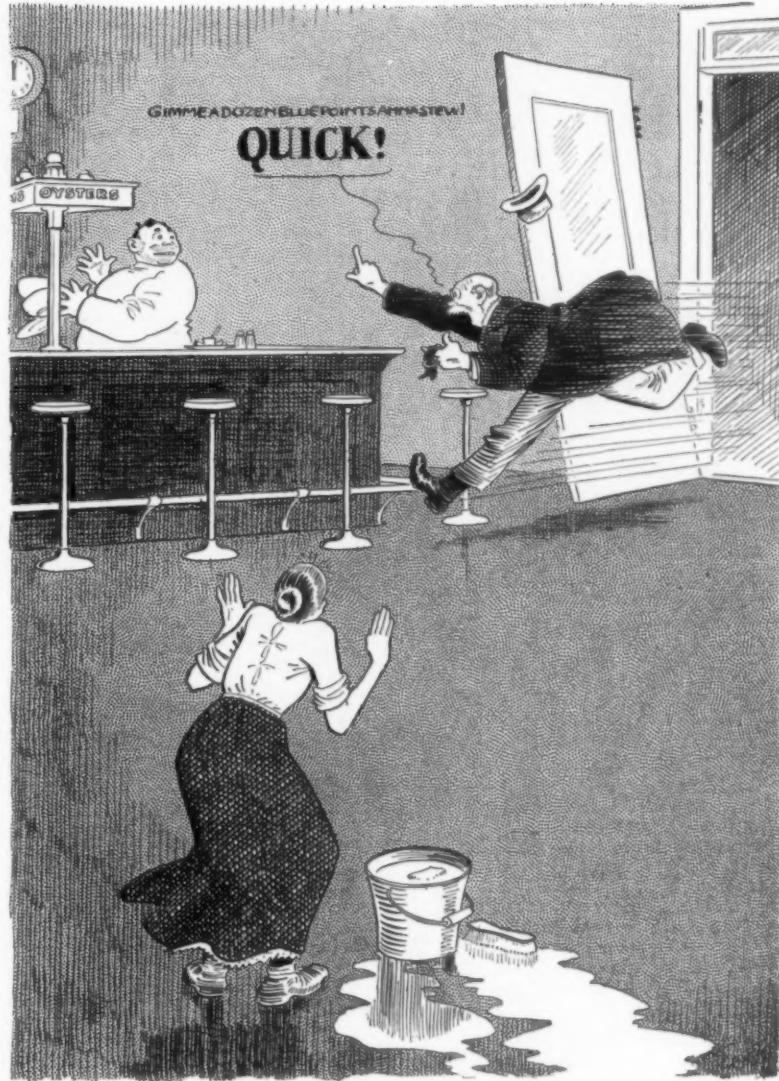
"What are you going to give your son for a commencement present?"

"A job."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

April 20th Awake betimes, with a great dread of something unpleasant to be faced, and upon consulting my book found that we were to dine with the Halseys. Whereupon, with no reflection soever, I did take up the telephone and lie us out of it. And when my conscience began upon me a few minutes later, I could at least be comforted by the assurance that we did not have to go. Nor shall I accept any more invitations greatly in advance, being weary of a social system which forces me to decide on the twentieth of April if I want to listen to chamber music on the sixteenth of May. And as for the Halseys, Lord! dining with them is about like dining in a first-class boarding-house, both as to provender and table companions. A good thing, too, as it turned out, that I displayed the courage of my convictions, for Sam brought home at tea-time H. Clintock of Chicago, who was all for doing the town properly, so we made up a gay party and went the rounds like happy children, not getting to our beds until long after dawn.

April 21st Sam off early, with great complaints about his head, but a man who drinks considerable champagne of an evening must expect to need a bromide or two on the morrow. . . . Reading all this day in Stendhal's book on love, even though somewhat abashed by the statement in the preface that probably not more than a hundred persons would understand it. A more drastic announcement by Einstein as to the comprehensibility of his theory was enough to discourage me at once, but I am more interested in love than in relativity. And so, God knows, is everybody, and were I ever to write a book, I should write it about love, on the business principle that a merchant will be most successful with a commodity which all the world hath need of. . . . Sam home early in a dreadful state, asserting that he had heard bands of music behind him all day and strange voices calling from afar. Whereupon I mixed him a stout cocktail, and after he had consumed two of them he said that he not only felt he could live until morning, but that he actually wanted to do so.



Time: 11:59 P. M., April 30—Sprinting for the Last Oyster

April 22nd (*Lord's Day*) Reading in the public prints how the plan to have female taxicab chauffeurs goes on apace, which I am glad of, for methinks they will be more cautious than men, and have greater regard for the psychology of their passenger. Although the chauffeurs of our city may deposit you at your door intact, it does not seem during the trip that the outcome is to be so happy. I have lately adopted the habit, when I summon a cab, of confiding to the driver that I have severe heart trouble and must be driven with the greatest caution if he do not want to be compelled to take me to the morgue instead of the address I mention when engaging him.

Baird Leonard.

Spring in New England
THRILLING with wonder she comes:
 April, gay-footed and swift;
 Bargaining petals for plums,
 Where the pink-pearl blossoms drift;
 Softly the maple sap thrums,
 Shyly the wind-flowers lift.
 Chant, Irresistible One!
 Winter repulsed you in vain,
 Noontide—a dazzle of sun;
 Twilight—a soft lilac rain;
 Swiftly your white stars a-flung,
 Like smiles still a-quiver with pain.
 M. A. D.

TEACHER: What is a geyser?
 PUPIL: A waterfall going up.



"Hello, Harry, how's everything?"
"Pretty good. But I'm worried about Europe."

Extraneous Matter

SCENE: Office of State Boxing Commission.
Characters: Young Arson, a boxer. The Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER: You're charged with failure to fulfill a contract to appear in a ten-round bout against Wolf Ronin. The Maytime Sporting Club is the complainant. If you have no explanation I will have to suspend you for three months. Now what have you to say for yourself?

YOUNG ARSON: Well, my wife was very sick an' I couldn't leave her alone.

COMMISSIONER: I've always understood that you weren't married.

YOUNG ARSON: Well, if you're going to be that technical—

Negotiating It

"I DON'T like these Jagganese jupplers."

"Y' mean these Juppanese jagglers."

"I mean—Jagganese japplers."

"No—Jappalese jugganers."

"I mean I don't like—those men there."

"Yeah, those. Neither do I."

It's a poor columnist who does not think that his column is the whole newspaper.

Dinner for Two

I WENT to dinner with Billy,
It was raining and we walked.
I got my feet wet and caught cold,
Billy was cross because he was hungry,
He scolded the waiter and made a scene,
He looked at my hat and said
I ought to know better than to wear red,
That everybody was looking at me
Because my hat was so unbecoming.
He took me home in a crowded street car,
And left me without saying good-night.

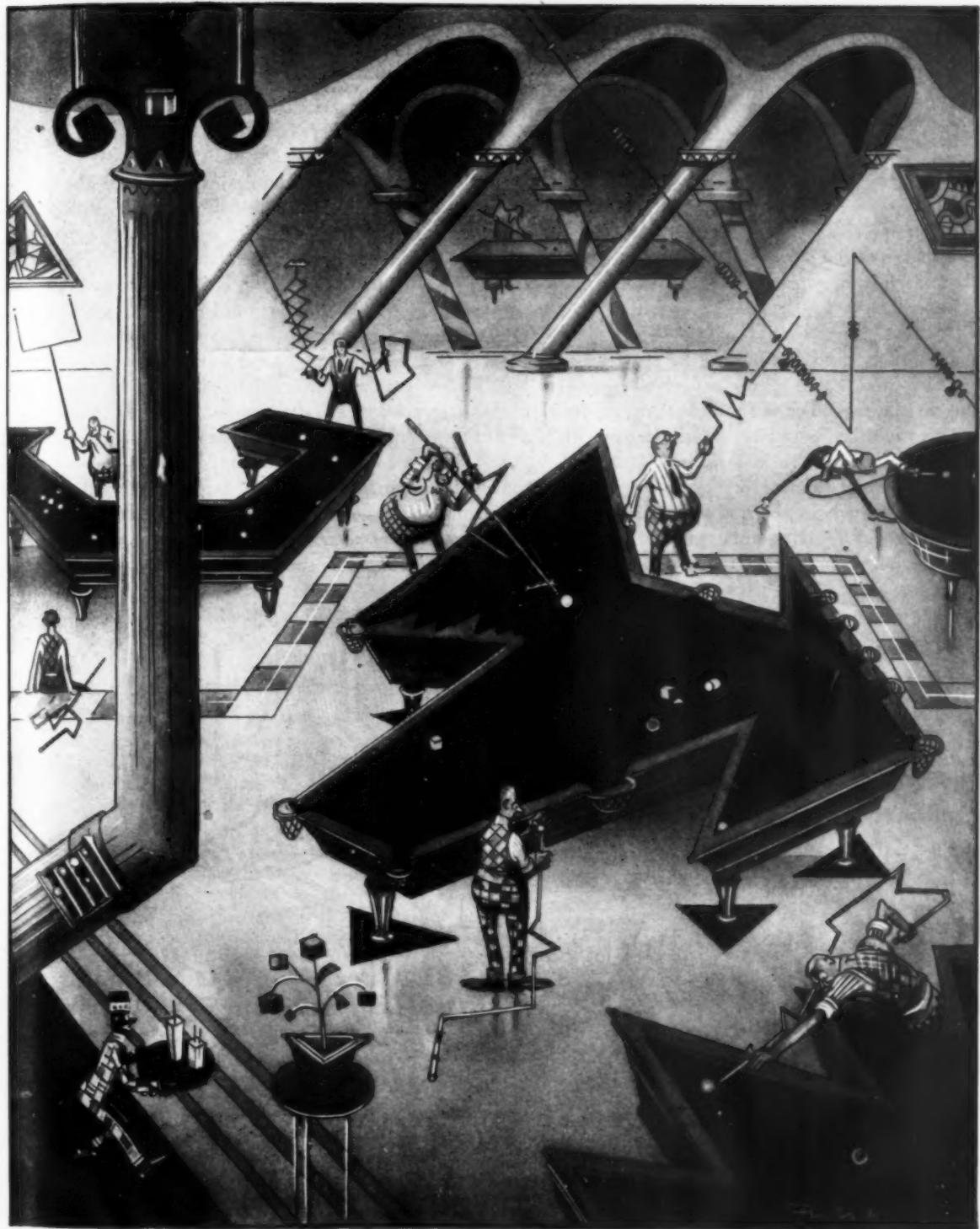
I went to dinner with Bob,
He called for me in a taxi
And pinned a bunch of fragrant violets in my furs.
We dined at Delmonico's and the head waiter himself
Suggested the dinner.
People looked at me and Bob said they showed good taste,
Because I was the prettiest woman in the room,
In my red hat.
He took me home in a taxi
And lingeringly said good-night,

They both called me to-day
And asked me to dinner,
It didn't take me a minute to make up my mind
How to answer them!
It is raining and Billy would make me walk
And my cold would get worse.
I'd have to wear my old hat because my new one is red.
Bob would have a taxi and flowers for me,
And a compliment for my hat.
I didn't hesitate a minute in my answer to them,
It was No.
Because at six-thirty I am going to dinner with Dick, my
Beloved,
Who just came back to town to-night.

Mabel Cleland Ludlum.



"Somebody you know said some foine things about you the other day."
"Flattery, was it?"
"No. Hogan."



Billiard Room in the Cubist Club

LIFE'S Picture Title Contest

For the best titles to the center-page cartoon in this issue, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize	\$500
Second Prize	\$300
Third Prize	\$150
Fourth Prize	\$50

The Contest will be governed by the following
CONDITIONS.

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture referred to above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, June 12th.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's staff, of course, are not permitted to compete. All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Answers which do not conform to these requirements will not be considered in the Contest.



"Mary has absolutely no backbone, has she?"
"I haven't danced with her yet."



"My dear, I'm perfectly devastated. I can't get any endive anywhere for my dinner to-night, and it's the only salad that will match my new frock."

Russia Gives and Gets

WHY should Russia spend her money on Soviet propaganda in the United States, while the United States spends her money on food for Russia? A spirit of mutual generosity may dictate this exchange of national resources, but there seems something wasteful in the process.

That Russia should help finance the Young Communist group in Belgium is natural enough. Antwerp and Brussels are painfully penurious to communists. That she should export her grain while we send her ours is also natural. She has to pay her army, an army we should all hold in esteem because it is the only one the pacifists do not object to. But the money she lavishes on Bolshevik literature and National Communist conventions in this country might go some way towards feeding the starving children in her own. We stand ready to help her feed them without asking for contributions in return. America can run her own revolutions, and keep her revolutionists in clover. They have friends and funds at home.

Agnes Repplier.

The Dinner

GRAPEFRUIT Suprême and the new musical comedy, Crème Parmentier and Hot Springs, filet of sole Bonne Femme and Mah Jongg. Poulard roti and the Ruhr, salade Chiffonade and Prohibition, bombe glacé and Long Island. Coffee and the traffic problem, Corona-Coronas and Wall Street, Benedictine and the latest funny story. Three married men yawning, two débantes discussing Coué, one bachelor inquiring the whereabouts of the telephone.

C. G. S.

The Daily Doesn't

THE milk-man doesn't call till after eight; The baker doesn't send the breakfast rolls. The languid coffee doesn't percolate. The morning paper doesn't soothe our souls. The postman doesn't bring the longed-for check; The weather doesn't seem inclined to clear. That "bargain" doesn't fit about the neck, And, strangely, "Central" doesn't lend an ear. No wonder this new novel doesn't sell! That headache tablet doesn't help my head. The Movie doesn't thrill—the hero—well, It doesn't matter really.—So to bed.

J. B. H.



Garden Note—Jones took his first radish calmly.

Wanted: A Liberator

NOW that Art has been emancipated, who will strike the shackles from the chaste feet of Science?

We have Free Verse, Free Sculpture, Free Painting.—What about a Free History, or a Free Algebra for a change?

As a teacher, I have met in the class-room quite a number of emancipated mathematicians, unhappily unconscious, however, of their glorious anarchy.

"Why don't you change the sign when you transpose x ?" I say, waving my birch over some trembling lunkhead.

"I forgot," says he.

"Aha," I cry,—"you forgot!"—And I straightway proceed to gloat over the unfortunate child.

But some day I shall meet my Waterloo. Some day I shall rebuke the wrong child; and he—sired

probably by a Cubist and damned by a Dadaist—will defiantly reply to my rebuke:

"But, sir, I did not change the sign, because I am an Anarchist. I did not change the sign, because I think x ought to come and go exactly as it pleases. I did not change the sign, because I am a believer in Free Algebra!"

Then all the children will stand on the desks, and wave Free Algebras in my face. And I shall lose my job.

Cyril B. Egan.

Nature

THERE was a man in our town
And he was wondrous stout.
He went upon a diet
And lost thirty pounds,—about.

And when he saw how much he'd lost
With all his might and main
He went and ate a lot of food
And put it on again.

N. L.



The Lady and the Trunk

"You're mistaken—'twas six flights, not eight;
You can put it down anywhere—WAIT!
Perhaps over there.
No, that's too near that chair—
Now wait till I get the rug straight!"

Things LIFE Would Rather Like to Know

WHAT will be the cause of next winter's coal shortage.

When representatives of labor in Congress will be invited to dine with American aristocracy.

In what language the Great American Novel will be written.

Whether New York's women taxi drivers will limit their passengers to the fare sex.

Why the U. S. Steel Corporation wants the law limiting immigration repealed.

Whether the woman of fashion will carry the Egyptian craze to the point of trying to talk like the sphinx.

If it will not take a good deal of resilvering to make the Mirrors of Washington last until 1928.

Why H. G. Wells doesn't devote the next year or two to writing the ten greatest books himself.

Whether Conan Doyle has ever heard about the medium in President Harding's Cabinet.

If a "Broadway success" will ever be accepted by the first manager to whom it is submitted.

Whether Bonar Law, in stating that there will be no major war for ten years, doesn't overrate the public's interest in minor conflicts.

Whether the statesmen of Europe will succeed in getting the boys into the trenches by Christmas.

Why the Ship of State is always calked with hokum.

What European monarch Mayor Hylan will invite to his jubilee to "say a mouthful."

Why the Rev. Dr. Guthrie's Egyptian tableaux come under the head of front page-entry.

Which is correct, Washington cats are full of mews, or Washington Mews is full of cats.



Skippy — No. 6



APRIL 26th, 1923

Vol. 81. 2112

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.
598 Madison Avenue, New York

THREE are really some signs of improvement in human affairs. One reads that matters in Ireland look better; that the railroads are running again pretty well; that murder and destruction are diminishing; that the irregular Republicans are about ready to quit; all good news so far as credible, and optimists will credit it. And out of the Ruhr, along with reports of trouble, sabotage, killings, fines and general ruction, there come rumors of an impending conference. Sentiment in France seems divided about the Ruhr policy. Word comes of strong backing for the opinion that the invasion has gone far enough, and that if acceptable terms can be had, France should accept them. The troubles in Ireland interfered with life and made everybody poor. People do not like interference with their daily life nor yet poverty. The French activities in the Ruhr brought in no money and showed no prospect of bringing any in; they were bound not to be popular with thrifty Frenchmen very long, and if they are not profitable to France, opinion in that country in favor of a settlement is sure to increase.

SOCIETY

THE resounding dispute over the question whether negroes should be admitted to the freshmen's dormitories at Harvard has been put in the way of being cleaned up and the companion problem about handling the reported superfluity of Jewish applicants at that college has

also been treated. By action of the Overseers and Corporation it was

Voted, that up to the capacity of the freshman halls all members of the freshman class shall reside and board in the freshman halls, except those who are permitted by the Dean of Harvard College to live elsewhere. In the application of this rule men of the white and colored races shall not be compelled to live and eat together nor shall any man be excluded by reason of his color. That action seems to let everybody out of the freshmen dormitories that has a good reason to be excused and to let everybody in that wants to be in, unless the dormitories are full. Harvard will now breathe easier, which is a good thing, but a better thing is that the problem has been settled right. As for the sifting of candidates for admission, a committee appointed by President Lowell reported against any other step than the elimination of inferior students by stiffening the entrance requirements.



THE drive against the peonage system in Florida, which has been led by the *World*, has been taken up by the other newspapers and is going strong with abundant publicity. It is a good work. Years ago there was an immense row about the lumber camps in Michigan, resulting in an improvement in the conditions of life in those camps. Out of this storm of remonstrance about peonage in Florida and other Southern states will also come improvement. All penal institutions in all parts of the country need constant watching. The people inside of them have lost the power of self-protection, and substitutes for it are very, very difficult to provide.

The execution of a Catholic prelate in Russia has made a stir and attracted attention to the apparent aim of the Soviet Government to destroy all religion in Russia. In that purpose the Soviet masters have taken a large contract, and observers will more than ever consider that they are riding to a fall.



BUT of all hopeful things the most hopeful that has happened has been that Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania has come out for the League of Nations. That is a very inspiring sign of the times. It means that intelligent Republicans like Pepper and Borah have come to feel that the League is inevitable and that it is the part of political wisdom to join it and have it over. To be sure Senator Pepper wants a modified League; one that will mediate and not coerce. He objected to the Wilson League and he does not withdraw his objections, but apparently out of the information furnished by Lord Robert Cecil of the actual working of the League as it now exists, he has become convinced that as a practical working organization it is safe to join, and that the covenant can be amended to conform with the League as it exists and works, and that if it is so amended, the United States ought to sign on.

If our leading politicians with the kind of brains that Mr. Pepper is furnished with, have reached the conclusion that it is desirable for us to join the League before beginning to elect a new President, there is not likely to be any trouble about amending the documentary part of the League so that they can accept it.

E. S. Martin.



The Russian Bear Embraces Religion



This Picture Has No Title

\$1,000.00 in Prizes Is Offered to the Winners of the LIFE
(For Particulars See Page)

LIFE



Picture has No Title

inners LIFE'S Title Contest Beginning in This Issue
rticular See Page 10)



Personal Enthusiasms

GRADUALLY Miss Alice Brady is working toward a play into which she can set her teeth. "Zander the Great" is all right in its way, but it is first-declension stuff for Miss Brady. And on the night when the right part for her does come along, and she uses that Irish smile and that half-note whisper on lines that are new, a search for the dramatic editor of *LIFE* will discover him under the seats panting with emotion. We are in a state of mind to be tremendously moved by Miss Brady some day.

There is nothing wrong with "Zander the Great." There never has been anything wrong with it since the day when the first little stage child came toddling into camp with great, big, burly men and softened their hearts and made them stop saying "For Pete's sake!" The fact that, in the present instance, the great, big, burly men are Arizona bootleggers instead of horse-thieves adds only about an eighth of an inch of timely novelty and, except for a really fresh touch at the end, when it turns out that the young rescuer from Weewedin, New Jersey, is also a brother bootlegger, the injection of this "news-of-the-day" note only serves to accentuate the mellow quality of the rest.



THERE is no harm in this sort of thing, but an author who relies on it mustn't blame his audience if they don't worry much how it is all going to turn out. By this time we know that as soon as a big brute of a man speaks crossly to a woman and grabs her by the wrist until she snarls, "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," the final curtain will disclose them in each other's arms. That is, provided that he has worn a flannel shirt open at the neck and has carried his thumbs through his belt and his head well up.

Jerome Patrick plays the part of the masterful chief of the bootleggers. His lines include, "So that's-s-s your game, is it?" and all its little brother and sister lines. He also is one of those boys who, when a lady says, "I'm going out," reply, "Oh, no you're not." That's his way of making love. If ever we tried those tactics, and said, "Oh, no you're not" to a lady, we'd be afraid that she would counter with, "Oh, yes I am." And then what?

George Abbott and Joseph Allen remove the two cowboy bootleggers from the usual run of such characters, even though one of them does have to say, "Wal, I guess I'll be mosying along." Mr. Allen has always been a hero of ours since the days of "Seven Keys," when he was the hermit, and "The Tavern," when he was so exercised over the shooting.

However, this is neither here nor *là*. "Zander the Great" is a good show of its class, and Alice Brady is in a special class by herself.

THE DICE OF THE GODS has Mrs. Fiske in it, so it is impossible to stand off and look at it as a play. It may be pretty bad. At any rate, it has the distinction of presenting the first stage drug-addict who doesn't twitch and hunch about like the Witch of Endor. In fact, about the only way in which you can tell that *Patricia Baird* is given to needle-work is that she seems to be the only member of the group who kept on going to school after the seventh grade. But there again is the confusing fact that Mrs. Fiske plays *Patricia Baird*.

It seems as if Mrs. Fiske's formula for batting out lines ought to be easy of imitation. Speak very fast, bow very slightly toward the end, and wait a couple of seconds before uttering the last two words. And yet no one seems able to do it as she does. Miss Menken in "Seventh Heaven" has caught the trick of waiting before the last two words, but when she does it it becomes just that—a trick. When Mrs. Fiske does it, the lightning flashes. When Mrs. Fiske does anything, the lightning flashes.



CONSIDERING the crying, even hysterical, need for funny women on the stage, we don't understand why a young lady named Luella Gear isn't heading her own company instead of fighting her way through a musical comedy like (*business of looking back over programs*)—"Elsie." She has almost everything necessary for the successful propulsion of a comic line across the footlights, but chief of all, and most unusual of all, is her entire indifference as to whether it gets across or not. You may take it or leave it, for all she cares. This manner is a gift direct from God. Now all she needs is a part from the same source and she will have practically an open field. Some day we expect to point to this paragraph with pride.



DURING the performance in English of the Yiddish "Anathema" we were quite impressed because we felt that we didn't understand its symbolism. We thought that it was so good that we couldn't get it. Imagine our disappointment, then, to read the allegory in the papers the next morning and discover that we had understood it perfectly! Somehow that took all the punch out of the whole thing. It couldn't have been much of a show.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Stage Guide

BOX OFFICE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Adding Machine. *Garrick*.—An interesting venture into impressionistic drama, dealing with the slavery of a book-keeper in Heaven and on earth.

Anathema. *Forty-Eighth St.*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Dice of the Gods. *National*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Exile. *George M. Cohan's*.—To be reviewed next week.

The Fool. *Times Square*.—An easy way to take your religion.

If Winter Comes. *Gaiety*.—Cyril Maude in a dramatization of the novel which reduces the story to its lowest terms.

The Last Warning. *Klaw*.—Murder mystery which drags you panting all over the theatre after it.

Morphia. *Erlinge*.—Lowell Sherman showing the ravages of morphine and bad writing.

Peer Gynt. *Shubert*.—Ibsen's poem done as effectively as it could be, considering that it was never intended for the stage.

Rain. *Marine Elliott's*.—Jeanne Eagels in a sizzling exhibition of real, honest-to-God drama.

Romeo and Juliet. *Henry Miller*.—All about a young girl and a young fellow who were in love. Jane Cowl as the young girl and Rollo Peters as the boy.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*.—About as genuine as a hired troubadour's costume, and acted to the hilt by Helen Menken.

The Wasp. *Morosco*.—Showing that anything with a gun-shot in it can get produced.

Whispering Wires. *Broadhurst*.—Still showing visitors how to kill by telephone.

Within Four Walls. *Selwyn*.—To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*.—There has been almost a year of this now, and yet we claim to have the best sense of humor of any nation in the world.

Barnum Was Right. *Frazer*.—Crazy farce which is good at times in spite of itself.

The Comedian. *Lycum*.—No. 63 in the series of French theatre plays, in which Lionel Atwill plays the part of the actor in true actor-style.

The Enchanted Cottage. *Ritz*.—If you are moved by appealing fantasy, you won't mind that this bit of thistledown seems to have been machine-spun.

Give and Take. *Forty-Ninth St.*.—Inexpensive comedy.

Icebound. *Sam H. Harris*.—An excellent presentation of New England types.

Kiki. *Belasco*.—Lenore Ulric in the last stages of a great success.

The Laughing Lady. *Longacre*.—If Ethel Barrymore weren't in it,—but then, she is in it.

The Love Habit. *Bijou*.—Clean-cut French farce.

Mary the 3rd. *Thirty-Ninth St.*.—Pleasant radicalism on the subject of marriage.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort*.—Glenn Hunter in heart-breaking comedy.

The Old Soak. *Plymouth*.—Old stuff with an occasional new twist.

Papa Joe. *Princess*.—Pretty thin.

Polly Preferred. *Little*.—Unconvincing but entertaining movie kidding.

Secrets. *Fulton*.—Margaret Lawrence rising above some ordinary sentiment and a lot of shooting.

So This Is London! *Hudson*.—British and American types drawn for reproduction on coarse-grained paper.

You and I. *Belmont*.—Extra polite witticisms, well spoken.

Zander the Great. *Empire*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Barnum and Bailey's Circus. *Madison Square Garden*.—And very good, too.

Caroline. *Ambassador*.—Good music emerging from a duller book than usual.

Cinders. *Dresden*.—To be reviewed next week.

The Clinging Vine. *Knickerbocker*.—Peggy Wood in something above the average.

The Dancing Girl. *Winter Garden*.—You may get a few laughs. You never can tell.

Elsie. *Vanderbilt*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Gingham Girl. *Earl Carroll*.—All right.

Go-Go. *Daly's*.—A funny man, Don Barclay, and kilowatts of zip.

How Come? *Apollo*.—To be reviewed later.

Irene. *Fifty-Ninth St.*.—Our old favorite back for a few weeks.

Jack and Jill. *Globe*.—It may be better now that Lew Fields is in it, but it had a long way to go.

Lady Butterfly. *Astor*.—Not much.

The Lady in Ermine. *Century*.—Good staple stuff.

Little Nellie Kelly. *Liberty*.—Produced by Mr. Cohan.

Liza. *Nora Bayes*.—Negro speedsters.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—Lots of trappings, and Bobby Clark, who is very funny.

Sally, Irene and Mary. *Forty-Fourth St.*.—Eddie Dowling's success.

Up She Goes. *Playhouse*.—Good entertainment.

Wildflower. *Casino*.—Some tunes that will stick by you for weeks.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*.—The follies.



"Eph, I kin pay yo' twenty-five cents now on dat dollah-eighty wat I owes you, but I'm oblieged to ask yo' to grant me a moratorium fo' thutty days fo' to pay de balance!"

The Pure Night Air

"GUINEA PIGS?" I ventured to my friend who was entertaining me with his radio set.

"No, I'm getting WJZ. I think that that noise is Colonel Schwartzkopf, superintendent of the New Jersey State Police."

"Rox! Rox! Rox! Whe-e-e-e-e-e-e-e! Tuck! T-t-t-t-tuck! tuck! BROG! Flup," came over the radio. The set was connected with a phonograph for amplification, and these pleasant noises completely filled the apartment.



"What was that?" I asked, with, I confess, dilated pupils.

"Schenectady, WGY," said my friend. "Maybe I can get them." He began frantically to whirl dials.

"Will it involve a complete change in tactics?" I asked. I rather felt that since we had spent most of the evening on the trail of WJZ it was poor strategy to tackle WGY.

"Bish, bish! Bish, bish! Bish, bish!"



"I know that!" I exclaimed, delighted to hear something intelligible at last. "That's the big bird cage at the Bronx Zoo. I heard an apteryx, or perhaps it was the poker-party cry of the jabiru. And just before that loud one I heard some godwits. They make that bish, bish, bish."



"I'm right!" I cried gleefully. "It IS the Bronx bird cage. Those last were yaffles."

"That fellow ought to be arrested!" exclaimed my radio friend. "Some darned amateur."

He really hated him. And I thought they were yaffles.

"It was a careful journey Opossum made into the King's Palace and all of the forest folk stood breathless, watching him. Even Major Pole Cat and Jerry Jay Bird could not understand why it was—"

"Bed-time story," said my friend. "Can you hear it? Pretty good, isn't it." He is fifty-five; hates children. "WJZ. One minute intermission."



"I guess THAT must be Colonel Schwartzkopf now," said my radio friend.

"I am afraid I won't have time to stay to listen," I said, with great restraint, looking at my watch wrong side up. I rushed from the house. I had no idea there was so much suffering in the world.

Now I know why they call the broadcasting stations XYGETC.

Don Herold.

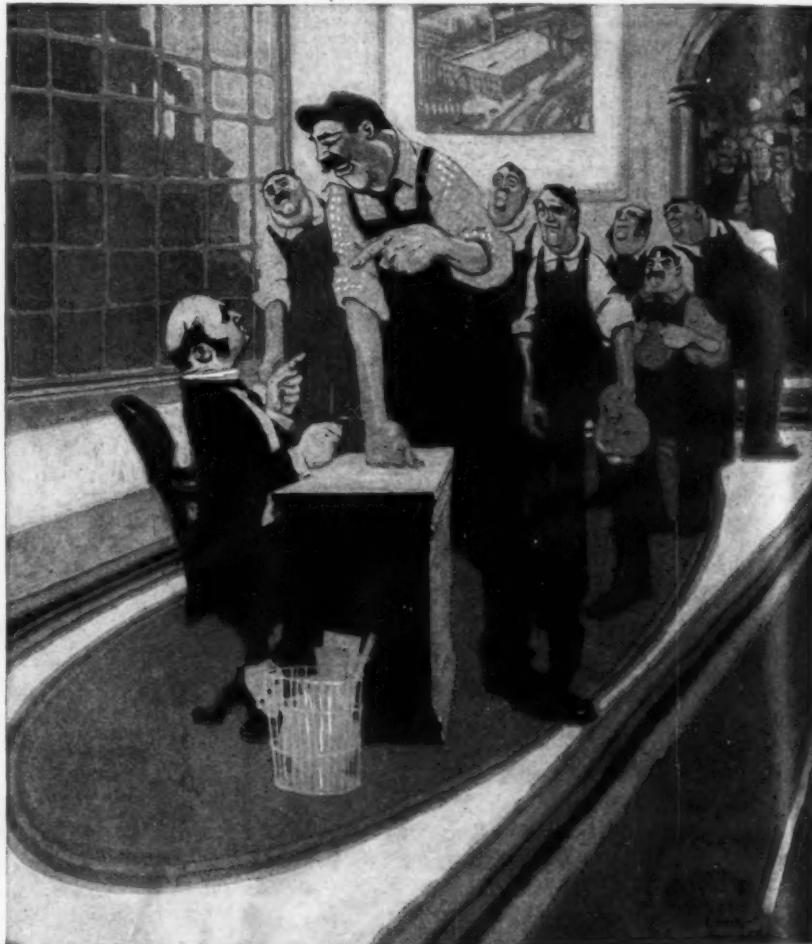
A Yard of Illusion

(Rose-colored)

WE used to call it "tulle," dears, When I was young and gay; By night it swathed bare shoulders, It veiled bright eyes by day; Like sunset mists it shimmered, All rose, and gold, and blue, Or frosty-sparkling glimmered Like moonlight spangling dew.

They've changed the old French name, dears, It's called "illusion" now, And still it wreathes white shoulders, Or binds a girlish brow,— Recalling all the dreams we wove Behind its veils in youth, I often think illusion A better name in truth.

Florence A. Vicars.



*The Owner: As I get it, you want to run this plant yourself.
Strike Leader: No, sir; you do it—you furnish the brains and money, and turn them over to us, and we'll do the rest.*



Six of One and a Half-Dozen of the Other

A Few of America's More Daring Thinkers

R—, who defied scientific opinion and played a Victor record with a Columbia needle.

McM—, who has openly expressed his doubt that the Six Brown Brothers are related.

F—, who has never taken any stock in the theory that coffee keeps you awake.

Mrs. B—, who walked boldly into a style show without a ticket, although the announcement had plainly stated: "Admission by card only."

S—, who returned the empty can with the assertion that the coffee had not been the best he had ever tasted.

P—, who read the petition all the way through before he signed it.

The Rev. Dr. N—, who thinks he will accept the call from Omaha, not so much on account of the larger field of service that is offered, as because the larger salary is so very attractive.

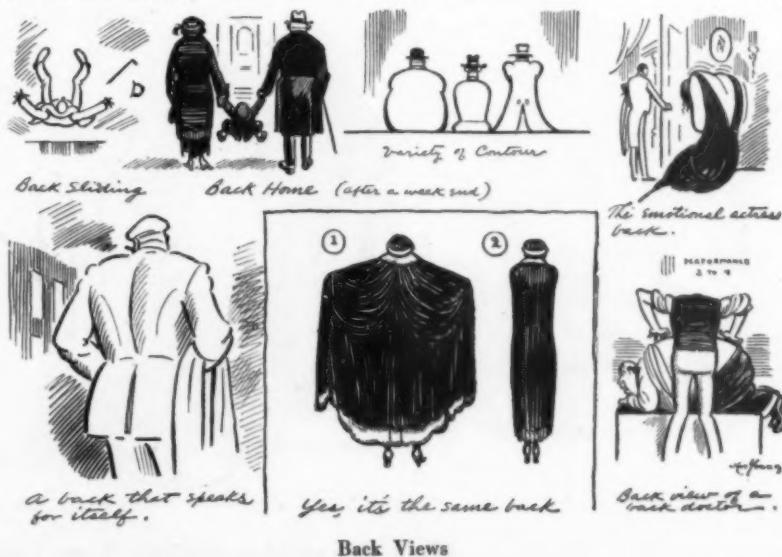
D—, who declares that he can tell the names of the players without a scorecard.

Dr. Z—, who wonders whether the scientific articles in the Sunday papers are altogether reliable.

Some Old Folk

"WHAT sort of people did you find at that summer-resort hotel?"

"Extremely old people and their grandparents."





Being the Chronicles of Dumbell, the Son of Adenoid

*The Chronicles of Dumbell, now given to the Public for the first time, are the translations from a papyrus found in the recently excavated Tomb of Blaa, which Egyptologists had long given up hope of ever discovering.**

Pharaoh Blaa was the founder of the Eighteenth, or as it is better known, the Gloom Dynasty.—EDITOR.

* *Aegypten und Agyptischen Leben im Altertum, Tübingen. Adolph Block, Berlin, 1885.*

AND lo, it came to pass that upon the morning of the second day, Dumbell, the son of Adenoid, arose and girded up his loins and stood before her whom he had taken to wife, Insipid, the daughter of Stupe, of the tribe of Sap; and he called out to her to arise and prepare for him food that he might go forth into the land and gather unto himself some jack, and she turneth her face to the wall and heedeth him not. And Dumbell, the son of Adenoid, waxed wroth; and he lifted up his

voice and spake unto Insipid, his helpmeet, saying: "Know thou that I am hep to thy stalling and if thou hittest not the deck upon the instant, verily shalt thou be dotted upon thy dome." And Insipid, the daughter of Stupe, pulleth over her head the covers, and she moaneth; yea, and she snorteth; yea, and she lamenteth, even as the landlord lamenteth as he raiseth the rent. And Dumbell went forth into the kitchen and made coffee, as was his wont. *Selah.*

Harvey Kent.



"Sees all - Knows all"



"Fresh every hour"

P. J. O'Connor

If the Advertising Slogans Were Scrambled

Chicago

(Pop. 2,701,701, Including the Author)

I SING of Armour & Co.,
Although the race is also
To the Swift and Company.
I stretch from Evanston,
On the North,
To Calumet and Blue Island,
On the South;
And I yawn all the way out to
Oak Park or Maywood
In the evening.

If all my mail-order catalogues
Were laid cover to cover
They would loop the "Loop"
31,416 times.

They call me "The Hub of the
Railroad Wheel."

If all my visitors held their tongues
They would not call me "The
Windy City";

If all my stockyards were placed
Aroma to aroma,
They would smell to high Heaven.
I am out of Montgomery Ward,
By Sears Roebuck.
I am the principal town
In Cook County.

C. I. C.

Partially Qualified

RUB: Have you any knowledge of farming?

DUB: I can complain about the weather!

Using your knowledge of one woman in trying to understand another is like trying to find your way around Greater New York with a map of Chicago.



THE SILENT DRAMA



"Where the Pavement Ends"

ALICE TERRY has certainly learned to suffer during her career as a screen star. She has been disappointed in love three times out of a possible four, and has consequently been compelled to cultivate an expression of wistfulness which simply won't come off.

In Rex Ingram's latest picture, "Where the Pavement Ends," Miss Terry is forced to choose between love and duty—and, just as in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," love comes out a bad second.

Her current rôle is that of a missionary's daughter, who succumbs to the charms of a young Polynesian chieftain. They love each other, passionately but discreetly. Then comes the inevitable realization that whites must not intermarry with browns, even when these browns happen to be of noble birth. So the girl draws the color line, and tearfully goes home to God's country to find a mate among her own kind.

"Where the Pavement Ends" is one of the most beautiful pictures that Rex Ingram has given us, but it takes a painfully long time getting under way. Approximately six reels have rolled off into eternity before the film is on speaking terms with its plot; then, to be sure, it rushes into drama with a vengeance—but

it has been a long, tedious wait.

Ramon Navarro, who appears as the Kanaka chief, proves that the defection of Rodolph Valentino wasn't such an irreparable loss to our flappers as they had hoped.

"Safety Last"

ON the other hand, Harold Lloyd wastes no time in "Safety Last." He plants his thrill crop at the start of the picture, and he reaps a rich harvest before the story has faded to a close.

"Safety Last" is a mechanical effort which lacks the usual spontaneity and buoyancy of a Harold Lloyd comedy. Nevertheless, it is marvelously ingenious. It is brimming with tricks that are calculated to tickle the ribs and chill the spine at one and the same instant.

The big moment of the film is provided when Lloyd performs a "human fly" stunt up the wall of a building. He has engaged a substitute, a professional at this hazardous work, to do the job for him—but the substitute fails to come through. So Lloyd goes up the sheer wall himself, hand over hand. When he reaches the clock on the eighth story, he clutches feverishly at the minute hand. But the face of the clock falls off, and he is left suspended precariously at a dizzy height above the street. The audience tries to laugh, but only succeeds in

gurgling. Again, when he is perched on a narrow ledge, feeling comparatively safe for the minute, an impudent mouse appears and runs up his leg. The audience is then reduced to a maudlin state of gibbering hysteria.

"Safety Last" is a terrifying affair. It is recommended only to those who possess the stoutest hearts and the least sensitive nerves.

"While the Pot Boils"

EVERYONE who has seen any of Robert Bruce's delightful "Wilderness Tales" will be interested in his first five-reel production, "While the Pot Boils."

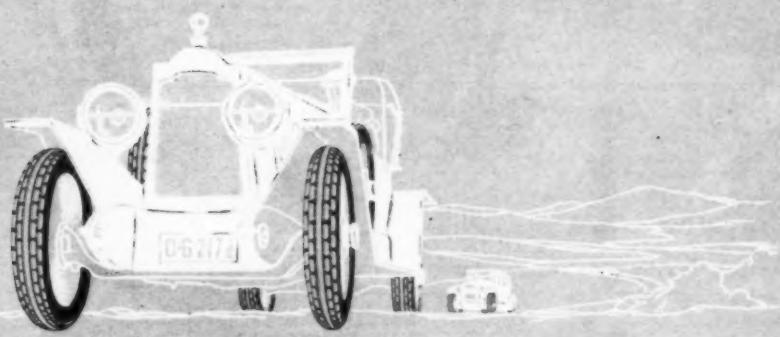
It is the tale of six tramps who forgather at one of those strange assembly points which are known to all gentlemen of the road. While they are waiting for the mulligan stew to reach a state of approximate perfection, they sit about and swap yarns. Each tells the story of his life and, oddly enough, when they have checked up their various adventures, they find that there is a singular similarity in their careers.

Mr. Bruce has derived the utmost in scenic values from this unconventional story, but he has failed to make his theme convincing. Two of the individual narratives are interesting and well presented, but the attempt to tie them together fails.

(Continued on page 30)



Cleopatra (dissolving her pearls): Now let's see if this has any kick in it.



WHY THE SILENT REPUBLIC IS THE WORLD'S FINEST TIRE

There are three characteristics which show the worth of a tire. The first is mileage; the second, resiliency and the third, traction and non-skid protection.

Republics are designed and built with these three points in mind. And the result is, that quality which always proves the truest economy.

But there is another feature about Republic Tires which is important—they are noiseless!

Equipped with the most perfect non-skid tread yet developed, they roll silently and smoothly over city street or country lane. The rounded Staggard Studs have completely eliminated that nerve-racking hum common to many so-called non-skid tires.

No matter what make or size your car there is a Republic specially designed for it. Any dealer who displays the "Sign of the Eagle" has it. Look for this sign. It is the mark of courteous service and tire satisfaction.

Displayed by dependable
dealers only.



Certified Service
for Motorists
REPUBLIC TIRES

REPUBLIC TIRES

WITH SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS



Brief History of Human Woe

A newspaper man met a friend at the corner of Vesey Street.

"What are you doing now?" said the former.

"Nothing," he said demurely.

"Good man!" exclaimed the wage-earner wistfully. "Do you want a collaborator?"

—*New York Evening Post.*

Lo, the Poor Renegade!

The correspondent who asks why the Piutes now or lately on strike are called "renegades" is informed that in the bright lexicon of the West any Indian who stands up for his rights is a renegade.—*Boston Transcript.*

Heard on the Campus

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE: Get any mail to-day, Jack?

SECOND DITTO: Naw, not a cent.
—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

"Did he leave a will?"

"Yes, she survives him."

—*Detroit News.*



Motorist: Confound that deuced pole!
Why doesn't the Government go in
for a wireless set?
—*Passing Show (London).*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE'S London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

THE first step towards attaining a healthy skin is right living—spending hours in wholesome outdoor activities, etc. But the second, and equally important, is proper cleansing. Your skin is like a delicate fabric—easily injured by rough scrubbing or the use of a harsh, caustic soap. Why run the risk of hurting it by using anything that happens to be handy, when you know that Resinol Soap protects it?

Try this exceptional toilet soap for your complexion and see how gently yet thoroughly it cleanses the pores and helps to overcome skin defects. Take a Resinol bath and note the healthy glow that follows.

A trial size cake will prove to you the delights of Resinol Soap. May we send you one free? Write Dept. 10-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SHAVING STICK is a favorite with discriminating men. Try it and see why!

Resinol Soap

Buy it by the box



Now For A Faultless Night

Hy-ho! the evening was boring. She raised me three spades, and trumped my ace and then laid down the Jack of clubs! Said it was the left bower, wasn't it? Shades of 500! But now for a night of soothing, restful sleep within the ample roominess of Faultless Pajamas...

Discriminating men, since 1881, have slept in Faultless Pajamas, Night Shirts and Sleep Coats. Faultless Nightwear, is cut to conform to the lines of the body from shoulders to ankles. There is ample room at the shoulders, elbows and knees. No binding, chafing or pinching anywhere. The buttons stay put. Faultless Nightwear is made of exquisite durable fabrics to fit any stature, any pocketbook. Ask for Faultless Nightwear and sleep in comfort ever after.

THE FAULTLESS NIGHTWEAR CORPORATION

(E. Bremfield & Company)

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

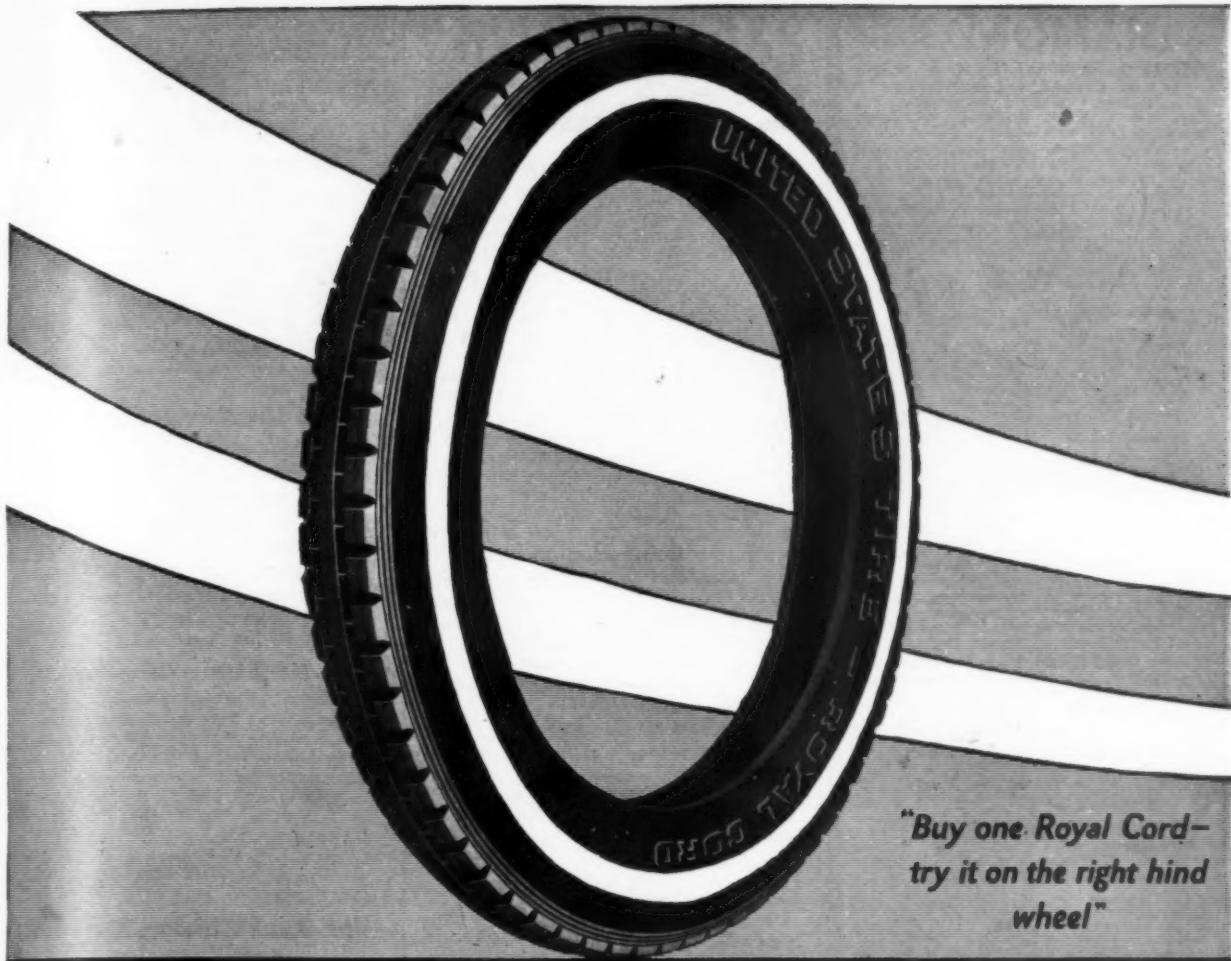
Rest assured

Faultless SINCE 1881

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation"

Pajamas Sleepcoats Nightshirts

RECH TRADE MARK



How it feels to be the leader of the tire business

THREE was a time when the bigger a business grew the more "upnish" it got.

These days are over—praise be!

The makers of Royal Cords are the leaders of the industry, but they don't feel it any loss of dignity to reach out for new friends.

And they take the very simple way of just asking you to try one Royal Cord. All the U. S. Royal Cord policies are simple.

For instance, Royal Cords have never talked about exceptional mileages. There are hundreds of testimonial letters in the files but they might sound extravagant and misleading to people and that is not a good thing.

Yet the makers of Royal Cords believe that Royals deliver the greatest average mileage of any tire that was ever made. This seems to be proven by the confidence car owners have in these tires.

Royal Cords have never been sold at "big discounts" or featured in "sales". People can't tell what a tire is actually worth if it sells for all kinds of prices in different sections of the country.

The support Royal Cords are getting today from so many new users is the outcome of people feeling confidence and trusting the Royal Cord makers.

When you put Royal Cords on your car you are going to be satisfied. You will see what a good, clean money's worth they are.

United States Tires are Good Tires



BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

FROM JASON WEILER & SONS

of Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 47 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done direct by mail with customers at importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat \$145.00

This one carat diamond is of good brilliancy. Mounted in ladies' style 14K solid gold setting. Order it to any expert, making any conditions you wish. Money refunded if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our price direct \$145.00

1. few weights and prices
1/2 carat, \$31.00 | 1/4 carat, \$73.00 | 2 carats, \$290.00
1/8 carat, 50.00 | 1/3 carat, 217.00 | 3 carats, 435.00

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston



Ladies' All Platinum Diamond Ring ... \$200.00

Perfectly cut diamond. Mounted in all Platinum Ring. The ring is richly carved and pierced in a handsome lace work pattern.

of other diamond rings:
1/2 carat, \$31.00 | 1/4 carat, \$73.00 | 2 carats, \$290.00
1/8 carat, 50.00 | 1/3 carat, 217.00 | 3 carats, 435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any place you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

Write Today for This Valuable Catalog FREE on "How to Buy Diamonds"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they come, cut and graded diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities of a million dollars' worth of diamonds, is considered an authority.

Also write for our latest Jewelry, Watch and Silver Catalog—164 pages beautifully illustrated—mailed FREE on request.

CLIP COUPON—FILL IN AND MAIL NOW....

Jason Weiler & Sons
371 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers Since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam, London and Paris

Please send FREE Diamond Catalog

Name
Address
City State

Temperament

On the big curve coming into the Irish wayside station, the train stopped longer than usual one morning, and the guard, descending from his van, walked up to the driver. "What are ye stoppin' for?" he inquired. "Sure, and can't ye see the signal is agin me?" retorted the driver. The guard snorted contemptuously. "It's mighty particular you're gettin' all of a sudden," he said.—*Tatler* (London).

Not Placed

BOISTEROUS VISITOR (*being introduced*): Now, where the devil have I seen you before?

DIGNIFIED CLUBMAN: Where the devil do you come from, sir?

—*London Opinion*.

"JOHN, what on earth induced you to buy a house in this forsaken district?" "One of the best men in the business."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Now We Know

The two Cockney loafers leant up against their favorite lamposts.

"Eard abaht ole Wot's-is-name?" asked the first.

"Yus, in course I 'ave. Wot abaht it?" was the reply.

"Wot abaht wot?" queried No. 1.

"W'y, abaht wot you was goin' to tell me abaht ole Wot's-is-name."

"W'y, I 'ear that since 'e come 'ome from where 'e was, 'e bin and moved dahn to Thingummy, an' married old—er—you know—that bloke's sister. 'Adn' you 'eard abaht it afore?"

"Yus, I did 'eard somethin'; but I ain't 'eard no details, not till now!"

—*Pearson's Weekly* (London).

Reincarnation

Necessity is the mother of invention, who is the mother of comfort, who, in turn, is the mother of luxury, who—most people now think—is her old great-grandmother right over again.

—*Washington Star*.

One Great Damage

"These modern wars are a terrible thing."

"Indeed they are—they make my knowledge of geography look like a war-torn village."

—*Florida Times-Union*.

Editor Nascitur

The case is reported from Paris of a man who can see through his skin and has read a poem with his eyes shut. The man is a born editor.—*Punch*.

"In the new spring waistcoat," says a sartorial expert, "the V is to be less pronounced." Who says waistcoat, anyway?—*Ideas* (London).



TRADE MARK REG.
U.S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire?
Buy

FISK



—the ideal vacation land

SWIM, canoe, golf, hike or rest in luxurious ease amidst the scenic beauties of the "playground of the continent." Excellent hotel accommodations at reasonable cost add to the pleasures of a vacation of health, sport and fun at any of Canada's wonder spots.

Dress UP or Rough It

Canada is a great vacation land. Interesting places, scenic woods and waters are found all through the land. Minaki, Great Lakes Cruise, Highlands of Ontario, Algonquin Park (2721 square miles, altitude, 2000 feet), Murray Bay, the Lower St. Lawrence. See Toronto the Queen City and the Thousand Islands. See the Capital City—Ottawa. See the "old world in the new" at Montreal and historic Quebec.

For Real Fishing, Hunting and Camping

Sportsmen and outdoor lovers will revel in virgin streams and big game country in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia.

Low Tourist Fares. Write for booklet 20—mentioning district that interests you. Address the nearest Canadian National Railways office listed below.

BOSTON, 294 Washington St.
BUFFALO, 1619 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
CHICAGO, 1018 West Adams St.
CINCINNATI, 409 Traction Bldg.
CLEVELAND, 522 Kirby Bldg.
DETROIT, 527 Majestic Bldg.
DULUTH, 430 West Superior St.
KANSAS CITY, 334 Railway Exchange Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 503 So. Spring St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 518 2nd Ave. So.
NEW YORK, 1270 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 122 Finance Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, 505 Park Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME., Grand Trunk Station
SAN FRANCISCO, 689 Market St.
SEATTLE, 902 2nd Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 305 Merchants Laclede Bldg.
ST. PAUL, Cor. 4th and Jackson Sts.

Canada welcomes United States tourists.
No passport required.

Canadian National Railways

Love and the Modernists

Booth Tarkington thinks that the attitude of the modern writers toward love and sex questions can best be illustrated by the attitude of various people passing a bench in a park whereon a couple are love-making. He and his followers notice, but take another path and hurry on. The moderns stop and watch!

—*Boston Transcript*.

His Severest Critic

AUTHOR'S WIFE: You don't impress me as much as you do your public.

AUTHOR: It makes no difference, my child—you can't write criticisms.

—*Meggendorfer Blätter* (Munich).

WHITE MOUNTAIN REFRIGERATORS
"The Chest With The Chill In It"
 We have been building refrigerators for half a century.



"In Over a Million Homes"

200 different styles and sizes.

Send for handsome catalogues and booklets.

Maine Manufacturing Company
 Nashua, New Hampshire. Established 1874.

Paradise

LORD, make my Heaven plain and bare,
 But new and whole, with room to spare.
 (No clutter in it, anywhere!)

No shabby rugs across the floor,
 No rubbers flung behind the door,
 No Sunday papers, any more!

No littered mantelpiece to dust.
 No crowded closets; nothing muss-ed,
 Nor any fear of moth and rust!)

With spaces clear and orderly,
 Wind-swept, in sunshine—I would be
 A singing spirit, strong and free,

With Heaven itself in which to roam!
(I wonder—would I feel at home?)

A. D.

Have you an antique in your home-- a chair that's to be seen but not used? Read "The Dash After the Period"---fun in rhyme by Berton Braley

in MAY

Cosmopolitan

at all news stands

Auto Tours in Europe

Private Parties of 3 or 4 personally escorted and driven by Men. Every day CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY Selected Routes to suit individual requirements. Last year 1,000 Private Cars. Inclusive Rates. Please apply for booklet early to Station Rd., Cambridge, England

"The Empress" Route



to the Orient

Largest, Finest and Fastest Steamers

HAVE you seen Fujiyama, hanging like a white silk fan, upside down in the blue air? Do you know the copper-goldflecked temple roofs of Nikko—and the reddest Bridge in the world? Have you seen a geisha dance, and a Japanese wrestling match, and a butterfly baby with another on its back?

Have you climbed the diamond Mountains of Korea? And visited the Thieves Market in Peking? And the blue Temple of Heaven—and the marvelous yellow palaces beside the lotus ponds, where the Empress Dowager lived—and the Great Wall that crawls a thousand miles, from Tibet to the sea?

You don't know what the world is unless you've seen the East!

JAPAN—10 days

CHINA—14 days

Fortnightly service from Vancouver via Victoria, B. C. by

<i>Empress of Canada</i>	26,650 tons displacement
<i>Empress of Australia</i>	25,000 tons displacement
<i>Empress of Russia</i>	21,000 tons displacement
<i>Empress of Asia</i>	21,000 tons displacement

For rates and full information ask the

Canadian Pacific

IT SPANS THE WORLD

CANADIAN PACIFIC OFFICES ALL OVER THE WORLD

'Twould Be Hard on Jonas!

DURING a recent political campaign a group of women workers were making a house-to-house canvass in one of the rural districts.

"Of course you're going to vote, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"I dunno. I hain't quite made up my mind what I ought a' do, yet."

"Oh, you surely ought to vote. It's a great privilege."

"I'd like to vote, all right; 'tain't that. Y'u see votin's jest about the only thing Jonas can do alone now. Don't seem's if 'twould be hardly right to take that away fr'm him."

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

Cigarette

It's toasted. This one extra process gives a delightful flavor that cannot be duplicated. To know how good a cigarette can be, you must try a Lucky Strike.

SKY WRITING!
Have you seen it? An airplane writing Lucky Strike on the sky—two words 6½ miles long—each letter a mile high. The advertising sensation of 1923.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Company

The Silent Drama

(Continued from page 24)

"While the Pot Boils" is obviously an experiment—and not altogether a successful one. Nevertheless, it proves that Robert Bruce has the right instincts. He is trying to get away from the set formula of photoplay construction—a difficult task, in view of our national adherence to tradition in all things, but one which is well worthy of accomplishment.

"Enemies of Women"

GIVEN a cast which includes Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens, a number of exotic settings by Joseph Urban, several legitimate backgrounds in the principality of Monaco, a bevy of young ladies from the Ziegfeld Follies, several hundred feet of news reels from the late war, and the bank-roll of William Randolph Hearst, and you will have a motion picture which is at least engaging to the eye.

Then add a preachy story by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, and you introduce the element of boredom.

Such is the case with "Enemies of Women." It is beautifully and intelligently done, by everybody except Ibañez. He is the real villain of the piece. His novel, on which the picture is based, is long-winded, pompous and utterly pointless; and the only real drama in the resultant photoplay is achieved on those occasions when the scenario gets away from the original plot.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

NOTE

The following list includes current pictures which have been reviewed in LIFE and recommended to our readers.

Robin Hood. United Artists.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. Paramount.

Shadows. Preferred.
Peg o' My Heart. Metro.
Java Head. Paramount.
Oliver Twist. First National.
Down to the Sea in Ships. Hodkinson.

The Hero. Preferred.
Fury. First National.
Dr. Jack. Pathé.
Salomé. United Artists.
Second Fiddle. Hodkinson.
Driven. Universal.

The Pilgrim. First National.
Back Home and Broke. Paramount.
The Covered Wagon. Paramount.
Grumpy. Paramount.
Brass. Warner.

Where the Pavement Ends. Metro.
Safety Last. Pathé.
For Review Next Week.—"Souls for Sale" and "The Nth Commandment."

Hair Stays Combed, Glossy

"Hair-Groom" Keeps Hair Combed—Well-Groomed



Millions Use It—Fine for Hair
—Not Sticky, Greasy or Smelly

Get a jar of "Hair-Groom" from any druggist for a few cents and make even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stay combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions.

Greaseless, stainless "Hair-Groom" does not show on the hair because it is absorbed by the scalp, therefore your hair remains so soft and pliable and so natural that no one can possibly tell you used it.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



BELL-ANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

\$1,000.00 in Prizes

See Page 10 for conditions of new Picture Title Contest.

Repairing the Fences

"WHEN my father was a Congressman in Benjamin Harrison's time he carried on his law practice and didn't even have his personal mail forwarded to Washington. He served in twelve congresses but Mother always set his place at the table because she knew he might be dropping in any time. I've been in three congresses and when I got home the other day the baby wanted to know who that man was. People used to elect a Congressman so as to have somebody to argue with while waiting for the mail to be changed at the post-office. Now they select a fellow the district can spare permanently."

"Father was home so much he knew all the voters by their first names and could count the ballots a month before the election. When I go out among the people I have to take the county chairman along to whisper their names to me. The only votes I can count in advance are those in the family and I have suspicions of my brother-in-law."

"In Father's time they used to have two kinds of sessions of Congress, long and short. The idea was that a Congressman should have time to go home and find out what the people thought of him. Now there is only one kind of session—the continuous; and the members usually know what their constituents think without going home."

MCC. H.

Cultivate Your musical Bump



Don Bestor
of famous
Benson Orchestra

Insist on a Conn and you'll learn to play quickly. For half a century Conn instruments of every kind for band and orchestra have been used and endorsed by the world's greatest artists because they are

- easier to play
- perfect in tone and tune
- most reliable in action
- perfectly balanced, beautifully finished.

More Conn saxophones are sold than any other make in the world. The great jazz kings and popular record makers prefer Conn's for their exclusive features.

Free Trial; Easy Payments. Write for details, mentioning instrument.

Conn violins possess wonderful tone.

C. G. CONN, Ltd. 421 Conn Bldg.

Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS



The Near East Relief and Bundle Month

WHAT to do with your old clothes ceases to be a problem with the arrival of Bundle Month in May. All month—and particularly on the 15th, which is Bundle Day—the Near East Relief is going to make it easy for you. Look around now and choose your nearest bundle station. If you have any trouble in locating it, write to the Near East Relief at 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and it will direct you.

The old clothes are to be shipped overseas to be made into new clothes for thousands of orphaned children who need them. They will take anything, for they have literally nothing. LIFE suggests that you make your bundle a big one. It will be a good way to lighten your wardrobe and it may help to ease your conscience a little.

NOTORIETY—the black sheep in the family of Fame.



Wherever Fine Motor Cars are Known

Hoo-Dye and the perfection of riding are inseparable, for one cannot be obtained without the other. Hoo-Dye is the only shock absorber that absorbs both the shock and the recoil.

It graduates its control from the slightest bump at low speed to the heavy road at high speed—laying restraint proportionate to the need.

This cushioned comfort eliminates road shell shock and permits the more delicate to ride long distances without fatigue.

Only the liquid cushion Hoo-Dye can bring this new riding comfort to you.

HOO-DYE Shock Absorbers Hydraulic

Standard Equipment in America

Lincolns
Cunningham
Mercurys
while many thousands have
been applied to
Cadillacs
Locomobiles
Pierce-Arrows
Packards
Studebakers
Hudsons
Buicks
and many
other makes.

Standard Equipment in Europe

Aldo
The Austin Motor Co., Ltd.
de Bazeilere
Chenard & Walker
Delage
Delahaye D. F. P.
Fiat G. I. frat
La Colombe
Minerva
Phileos
Rochet Schneider
Scap
Slim
Bequeville & Hoyau
Unio
Wolseley Motors Ltd.

THE HOUDAILLE CO.

1418 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Houde Eng. Corp. Mfrs.

For your own health's sake, send for a copy of "How Motor Shocks Affect the Nervous System" by R. Kendrick Smith, M.D., D.O.



Send for
this Book
FREE

The BILTMORE

MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room
Dancing
in the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN,
President

25 Song Parodies 25c

Be a parlor entertainer. Make a hit with the crowd. 25 parodies including "Georgette," "Hot Lips," "The Sheik," "Three O'Clock In The Morning," "Tomorrow," and all the big hits mailed on receipt of 25c in stamps, special get-acquainted price. TRUMAN BROWN, B-6228 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.





Santa Fe

Xcursions ^{summer}

California — Colorado
Grand Canyon Nat'l. Park
Yosemite - Big Trees
New Mexico and
Arizona Rockies.

Mail this

Mr. W. J. Black, P.T.M. Santa Fe System
1149 Railway Exch. Chicago, Ill.
Please send me picture folder
and details of cost of trip

to _____

The Athletic Club

An athletic club is a place where overfed men eat six-course luncheons. The most violent exercise indulged in by the average member is signing a petition asking the Board of Governors to have the gymnasium made into a sun parlor.

An athletic club differs from a social organization in that its members usually are stouter, and that some of them weight the starboard ends of their watch chains with pygmy fountain pens, instead of knives.

Membership in an athletic club is open to anyone whose son has won his college letter in a major sport; or, failing that, to anyone over fifty years of age who reads a newspaper which has a sporting page.

Some few of the more exclusive organizations of this type insist that a man attend an athletic contest before being admitted to membership, but that requirement is considered extreme by the majority of clubmen.

The average member of an athletic club is forever on the verge of reducing his waist-line by dieting. He considers exercise too easy a method and, besides, frowns on it as being ostentatious.

Athletic clubs build their homes as close to the center of town as is possible, because the air is so much better in the business district than it might be farther out. And, of course, a downtown location is so convenient to the theatres.

One of the largest athletic clubs in the country trembled for weeks on the verge of a frightful scandal recently. It was reported that one of its members was actually engaging in athletic competition. Upon investigation, however, the House Committee discovered that one of the bootblacks had won several footraces within the month. He was discharged at once, and the honor of the club was vindicated.

J. K. M.

Books Received

- Stories, Dreams and Allegories*, by Olive Schreiner (Stokes).
The Lone Winter, by Anne Bosworth Greene (Century).
Casual Wanderings in Ecuador, by Blair Niles (Century).
After Death, by Camille Flammarion (Century).
Say It with Bricks, by Nina Wilcox Putnam (Doran).
Pilgrim's Rest, by Francis Brett Young (Doran).
The Riddle of the Rhine, by Victor Lefebvre (Dutton).
Garden Whimsies, by Charlotte Rider Lomas (Macmillan).
The Wrong Move, by Anna Robeson Burr (Macmillan).
Books in Black or Red, by Edmund Lester Pearson (Macmillan).
House Plants, by Parker T. Barnes (Doubleday, Page).
O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1922 (Doubleday, Page).
The World Outside, by Harold MacGrath (Doubleday, Page).
The Road to Calvary, by Alexey Tolstoy (Boni & Liveright).

CANET PRINTING CO.
NEW YORK BETHLEHEM



In Round Numbers

LIFE has declared an open season for Special Numbers. It is preparing an unusual assemblage of Special Events for the Early Summer Season—so that your calendar for May, June and July will be all littered up with red-letter days.

Take, for instance, the *Lovers' Number*. This is designed as a special compliment to the mating season.

Next—the *Travel Number*, which will make its appeal to everyone who intends to set foot on the *Aquitania*, the White Mountain Express or the starter of the family Ford this season.

Following this, the *Canadian Number*, containing all the five-star humor that we could smuggle over the border.

And then, ladies and gentlemen:

The Movie Number

which is shaping up like another tremendous Burlesque.

All of which means that the time is ripe for a Trial Subscription—to Big Numbers for One Small Dollar.

There is strength in numbers.

Obey that Impulse.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40). Send LIFE for ten weeks to

278

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City

One Year, \$5.00

(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



After the first round!

They talk of getting old! As if muscles, hibernated for months, would respond to sudden or prolonged exertion without that stiff, lame, sore feeling!

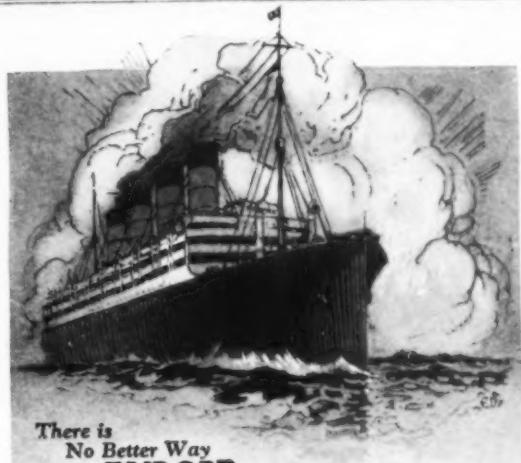
For the threatened discomfort, apply Absorbine, Jr. Used promptly upon the leg, shoulder, arm or back muscles, it prevents that second-day penalty. It is immediately soothing, cooling and refreshing.

For those tired, aching feet that tramped the unaccustomed distance in unbroken shoes an application of Absorbine, Jr. makes 'em feel like going another round.

Keep Absorbine, Jr. in your locker for cuts, scratches, strains, sprains, bruises, and emergencies. It is a safe antiseptic; of a clean agreeable odor and will not stain like other liniments.

Atmos druggies', \$1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle 10c., postpaid.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 162 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



There is No Better Way to EUROPE

The knowledge, the pleasure, the profit, the broadening of sympathies, and the strengthening of human ties derived from travel make the Cunard and Anchor Lines' Services an important factor in the onward march of modern progress.

The World's Fastest Passenger Service de Luxe
AQUITANIA MAURETANIA BERENGERIA

Weekly from New York to Cherbourg and Southampton.
Other services to Cobh, (Queenstown) Liverpool—to Plymouth, Cherbourg and London—to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg—to Londonderry and Glasgow; Boston to Cobh, (Queenstown) Liverpool, etc.

Full information on Request
25 Broadway, New York—or Branches and Agencies

CUNARD
and ANCHOR
STEAM SHIP LINES



Like Putting a New Film in a Camera

PUTTING a "Refill" Shaving Stick into Colgate's "Handy Grip" is very simple, and it is done in a few seconds.

The "Handy Grip" lasts for years. "Refills", threaded to fit it, cost you the price of the soap alone. There is no waste.

In addition to its *handiness* and economy, Colgate's makes a copious lather that softens the beard *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

With hot water or cold, with soft water or hard, Colgate's lathers quickly, and makes shaving easy. It leaves the face smooth, cool and refreshed.

Send us 10c for the "Handy Grip", the metal container, and a trial-size shaving stick. Then buy "Refills" anywhere, as you need them, for the price of the soap alone. Three months' better shaving in each "Refill", for less than the price of a day's cigars.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 23 199 Fulton St., New York



COLGATE'S
"HANDY GRIP"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
The Refill Shaving Stick

MADE IN THE U. S. A.